

OUR CANADIAN LEADERS

Staff-Capt. Arthur Young, D.O.

It is by fate and not fancy that I am from the "hould country," my birth place being a small town in the county of Kent, England. Probably had it been a matter of choice, and had I known that I was destined to fight for God in the Salvation Army in Canada, I should have preferred to be what is called a

TRUE-BLOODED CANADIAN,
raised under the Maple leaf, for I believe
there are no people so capable and adapted,
if fully given up to God and filled with the
Army spirit of war, to save the people of
Canada as Canadians. This should be per-
fectly comprehensible to all, and is so to me.
For the more I learn of the customs and
usages, etc., of Canadians the more I feel
capable adapted to win them from the devil
and sin for God and the Salvation Army.

I cannot remember much about the great big country of Kent, for when quite young I was taken with the rest of the family to Carolina, U. S. A., my father having previously visited there for his health, and becoming infatuated with the country, would take all the family out. This move, although proving disastrous in a worldly sense to our fortunes, was no doubt most fortunate to my soul, as I could have doubtless followed in my father's footsteps, who, although drinking what was called "the good stuff," had many other vices, and was very wild and not above dabbling in the liquor, being the owner of a large brewery, in which I should doubtless have been connected, and therefore would eventually have been ruined mentally, physically and spiritu-

I can remember a great deal of preparation and packing of many trunks and cases; also leaving the large house and grounds and green fields, in which all my little self seemed so completely wrapped up, and the first glimpse across the ocean, also the novelty of a new home, a frame house and all the other new surroundings. These incidents are fresh in my memory, still these were childhood days, and it was not until after my return to England and some years spent at school and in business life that I began to realize that

My old companion came to London again having been absent in camp, and as usual we went in for lots of fun. He was suddenly taken ill, went to bed and never left the room alive. Cause: Drunk dissipation!

One morning after several days of illness he awoke me with his moans and said he would not live after 12 o'clock that day. I was about 2 o'clock in the morning. I hastened for his favorite doctor, who arrived shortly afterwards and prescribed:

He was in great pain and became unconscious. I had laid his stop watch on the table to guide me in giving him the spoonfull of brandy ordered every half hour, when almost at the moment, the second, minute and hour hands arrived at the figure 12 he cried out

GIVE ME BRANDY (GIVE ME BRANDY)
I put my arm around him to support him
A fixed glare in his eye startled me. I laid him

parental reproof how to walk in the way
which seemeth right unto a man, but which
ends in death.

I first launched out into business life in London. I had no idea as to what part I was destined to follow, and as my parents thought it best that I should learn a trade, cabinet making was chosen. This however did not suit me, I had so many small lessons to learn before I could handle the fine work. Rubbing down the pieces, mixing the glue, preparing the veneer, glass-paperying and so on, were too tedious for me, and I had to work with a more similar nature, was not in my line, so I left the plane and took up the pen. Since then I have learned that the small lessons are the stepping stones to success, and I have always found that it is only by the smallest of the smaller duties that a man can make a man. I am now able to grapple with things of greater importance.

hastened home. I loved my work and took great interest in it, and thus to some extent I was gradually weaned away from the life of ease and pleasure to which I had been accustomed.

In May 1833 I first felt the stirrings of God's spirit, and although in perfect darkness being almost as ignorant as the plan of salvation as a heathen, I determined to order my course before God.

How was I to commence? that was the question. However, I first

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(thinking that, although I did not habitually drink, it would be best to be a total abstainer. This proved ineffectual, for as soon as I got home I, without a thought, drank some ale that was on the table, immediately reproving myself for my inconsistency. Then I thought this will never do. How can I do right when evil is present.

I then tried to associate myself with good people, join some church and see if that would not work. Then difficulties presented themselves, first, I could not find the people who were really good and willing to talk to me and put me on the right track, and I knew if I asked anyone to help me they would only give me their version and advise me to join their church. Second, I could not find a church which was really willing to believe, so I was left with the idea of trying to get a lot of all the existing denominations, if it were possible join one at a time until I had tried them all, be confirmed, immersed, sprinkled, etc., until I had been through the whole business, hoping at some time during the process to strike on the right

plan. I continued to be amazingly forthcoming by being confirmed in the orthodox position, but this only made me more miserable. For, although the Bishop laid his hands on me, I felt that I was not really forgiven. If my heart leaver, and as I noticed that those who were confirmed with me paid more attention to the sacrament than I did, I felt that I was a worse sinner than as I fancied to their souls. I came to the conclusion that it was a sin without power. However, I made up my mind to persevere. I was not to be out of class meeting. It was the first I ever went to and the last, for they all seemed so full of sin and trouble that I was real glad to get away. I then attended the next communion service, and was very much surprised to find that I had to drink wine that had plodged my self against, and as I did not get any relief, I felt that I was not really forgiven. I felt heavier rather than lighter. I concluded that that might be all right for those who were not really forgiven, but for those who were, who wanted to get rid of my burden and have Jesus in remembrance, not periodically

I would learn the prayers and catechisms, etc., most carefully, and would study them while walking home from business, often running up against some one while perusing my book. One night I went into a little mission hall, and there was advised to stand up with the rest and confess Christ. I was in the front and gladly stood up, but found no real peace and went home feeling

I HAD MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF

Just about this time the Salvation Army came to that part of London that I was living in. I had never heard of them before, but the crowd went and I amongst it. There must have been at least seven thousand people gathered together in that enclosure. Nearly five thousand of them being in the hall. I cannot describe my feelings, but I resolved that I would solve this mysterious phenomenon, so I went again the next night, and getting down by the immense platform I gazed first at the platform and then at the people. I was soon convinced that it was all right and the place for me. Somehow I took that as a matter of course.

I did not kneel then at the pulpitic fern. I do not know if an invitation to come forward was given in consequence of the crowd; neither was I aware that such a thing was done, but then and there I received Jesus Christ as my Savior, and made up my mind if they would have me I would join the ranks.

Here ended all the controversy about which was the right church to join. Churches had no more charm for me, not that they ever had much, and I only remember going to one



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back on the pillow. Was he dead? I could not believe it. I spoke to him, but he did not reply. I put a small hand glass to his lips to see if he was breathing, but no sign of life was there; then the thought stole over my mind.

HE IS DEAD

It was so. All that remained of him on earth was a shattered corpse, and his soul had gone to indiment.

What will his harvest be?
What will the judgment be?

The impression made on my mind at his death never left me, and made me more thoughtful and careful in my habits, dreading as I did such a horrible and untimely end. Still I was on the downward road, and being in a city, where there is no lack of devils and dissipation, I was fast learning in spite of

I sent in a written application for a post in the shipping department of a large firm of commission agents, who dealt in almost everything from a needle to an elephant. Somehow I never expected to be accepted, so I wrote the application hastily and somewhat carelessly. However, I called at the office of the firm, mentioned what I had written, interviewed the head partner, was accepted on the spot and asked when I could commence duties. Right off, said I, and immediately was introduced to the manager of the department and set to work.

For some years I continued with this firm, receiving every six or twelve months an increase in salary, and with it of course increased responsibilities. While in this business I learned much that has been useful to me since in the service of God.

My business kept me working from early until late, and being usually fatigued I

together with everything else we have and are, we have to give up the smallest particle of credit that we may attach to ourselves on account of any particular good work we may have done in the past, knowing and feeling that, in comparison with the infinite Holiness and righteousness of God,

and it is only in proportion as we realize this in the time we thus come, that we are able to appreciate and utilize the blessing we receive at His hands.

The living sacrifice spoken of in the 13th of Romans is a "reasonable service," not only because God, in the person of Jesus Christ, sacrificed Himself on Mount Calvary to purchase our pardon and Sanctification, and thus rendered Himself deserving of it, but because the blessing of Sanctification can neither be accepted, enjoyed, or utilized in any without the sacrifice made.

The attitude of God towards the human family has been the same ever since He first created them, that of infinite love. Consistent with this love He has always sought

man's highest interest and enjoyment, both for their world and the next, and God gave them for the happiness of His creatures that they should recognize any claim He might have on them for their sin, and that He might give Himself for their redemption. But God Himself knows that man can only enjoy the Heaven of happiness on earth, that He cannot merit Him in so far as he recognizes that is sinful and gives himself and all he has and is to Him, a living sacrifice, and then He will be able to give him the Heaven of glory, goes out and does all he can to bring as many of his fellow-creatures as possible to do the same.

GOOD AND SIN NO MORE.

BY GARY, W.

I am glad God never said or tells us to do

possibilities. Jesus says, "Go in peace and sin no more," and if it is possible for one of the human race, why is it not for all? I am glad that I have proved that it is gloriously possible to live free from sin, and to have even the desire taken away. For some months before I sought for the blessing of a clean heart, I had heard there was a place in which we could live without committing sin, but could not believe that it could be obtained in this world; and I often remarked that, when people got so good as that

My sister got to be spoken right out. The son who had often spoken about hellfire was now speaking about enjoying sin and drinking, but through disobedience, God did lose it, - and had never been able to give peace and power he once enjoyed, and the same time urging others to seek after it and at one of our prayer meetings he asked those who wanted this blessing, to manifest by raising their hand, of course I didn't. I had no faith in those doctrines, yet I didn't help thinking and talking about it. I last collected all the Cottage Bibles containing, Bible Dictionary's &c., together, I began to look up it's references and com-

then, in various passages of scripturo, such as "Be ye holy, for I am holy," &c &c., and I did not get so far as to believe it was possible for ministers, and those who had nothing to do (as I put it) to live without sin, but for people who were in business and engaged in the duties of life, I believed it impossible to forget that God was no respecter of persons. However just about that time the Salvation Army came to our town, and I was

tion Army came to our town, and I occasionally attended the holiness meetings, and one of the officers gave me Mrs. Booth's "Aggressive Christianity" to read, which I did with great interest, and through it I was led

[illegible]

realize that what I had of this world's
 dote, parents, friends and kind were the Lords,
 hold on to them as if they were my own,
 God had no claim on them. While the
 tie between God and self was going on,
 Lent said, we will sing
 it to Thee now I give. Thine to die, Thine
 live,
 crucified to the world e'er to be,
 as we sing make the surrender. Now if
 do, live it with all your hearts." I could

nearer to it to-day than you think." The scornful smile left his face for a moment; he looked hard at me, and my Lieutenant began to talk of Christ's great love for sinners. He moved un-
easily, got up and opened the window, sat down again, and with a great effort brought back the scornful smile to his face. The train stopped at a small

station, and another man got in. The old man tried hard to get the newcomer to join with him in sneering at God and His people, but failed in the attempt.

As he had begun and given us so good a chance of coming to close quarters with him concerning his soul, we began talking to him again as the train moved on; but he was now quite as anxious for the conversation to cease as he had

ne had previously been for it to commence. "Stop, stop," he said, "there's enough; we'll let the question drop now;" but we were determined that he should hear something about Salvation, and be made for once to think about his soul. So we gave him the plain Gospel message, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and when we arrived at the next station he looked greatly relieved on seeing us get out.

62 **Down at the Feet**
Anania.
P
1. Down at the feet of my Saviour, Live

fav-or, Freed from all sor-row and
Counting all self but as dross. Ho-

foot of the Cross. Jesus my
part; He all my need is com-

H. All to the Cross I am bringing,
 All as the service I place
 Simply to Jesus I'm offering,
 For now all consumed by grace,
 Free from all sin that would hinder,
 My soul as that which was weak;
 Having the love of my Saviour,
 Richly indeed am I blessed.

Thank God for giving us the victory,
 and enabling us to warn the ungodly to
 flee from the wrath to come. We have
 never seen that man since.

We bowed His head, and His prayer is what the Father has said. He has said that the Resurrection Morning we may see; him a happy blood-washed soul standing on the right hand of the Throne of God.

Reader, how is it with your soul? If God calls you away as we are reading this Word, what will your sterility be—deadness or hell?

Have you made arrangements for eternity? Have you made a covenant with God? "In my Father's house are many mansions"; is there one man apart for you? If not, then the World's Resurrection is waiting to help you. Turn to Him, He is waiting to help you. Turn to Him. Seek His face to-day, and pray to Him. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," and ever—

Are you a Christian, are you as true and real and whole-hearted for God as you ought to be? If not, be so. And if you are a Salvationist, are you as red-hot as you need to be? Do you still get a blessing in selling WAR CRY (and they are much better than over they are)? Do you still wear your uniform

you need to? Or, are you now in the
hands of those who may their salvation
inside? For your soul's sake re-
member the warning to the lukewarm,
and escape for your life.
If man is worthy of homage, surely
Christ is. Pay it to Him!
We still are in need of young men
and women who, constrained by the
love of Christ, are willing to give up
name, position, reputation, prospects,

BY THE IRISHMAN.

The above question is asked by a
 old many people, if not by words it is
 neurons. Now I am not well up in

ditions. Now I am not well up in grammar or eloquence, but I write this to give you my thoughts on the subject. I see a great many people who don't know what to put on them to make people admire them sufficiently. Of course they have other excuses and people who are not particular what they do to never at a loss for excuses, and if they can't find excuses enough the devil will find some for them. We see a great many Soldiers this warm weather

"You have got tony dresses, and the reason they offer is that it is so light, light. In talking to a Soldier who was dressed pretty flashy with a print dress and over flowers, I said, 'Don't you think it would be better if you had something plainer?' " her answer was, "it's ARMY COLORS, DON'T YOU SEE?"

When comrades there is a wrong way to wear Army colors, and sometimes when we look at our uniform we see that it is beginning to get a little like the world, and very soon, if we don't mind, we will have no uniform at all. When the red band comes off the bonnet it is the thin end of the devil's wedge, and when we see an officer coming along with a neat

llar and tie, his tunis thrown back wo
not help thinking that the poor lad
ould rather not wear uniform at all.
he world looks at you, and you'll have
e influence with them if you be like
men. Make them feel that you are not
re them hat that you love them. If
n have the humble, lowly spirit that

you had you will scorn such vanities. If you have got something in your heart at the world failed to give, go in for more of it instead of going in for a little of the world. I don't say that you could not keep yourself neat, by all means; be respectable, and if soap and water and the "real" S. A. uniform can't do it, I don't know what can. In-

The sun never gets behind a cloud,
but a cloud very often gets in front
of the sun. Moral: Don't stand in
the way of the light.

An Officer writes: "A tavern-keeper drew some eggs at us the other day. He hit a five cent duds right on his forehead, clean, cheap dinky, and another hit the flagstaff. Those were the only ones that came near us."

Our trust is in God,
He will carry us through,
The fight may be hard,
And this world may be rough,
But our Lord says His grace,
It shall be enough.
So, comrades, fight on,
'We know we shall win,
Through Jesus, our Saviour,
We'll conquer all sin.

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